

Authorized Agents.
JAMES M. RICHMOND, Editor, Edgecombe county, N. C.
JOSEPH R. KIRK, Bladen county.
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B. S. KROGER, Richmond, Onslow county.
B. BARNES, Black Creek, Wayne county.
WOLFE B. PALMER is authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Journal, in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and receipt for payment for the same.

Democratic Meeting in Columbus County.

According to previous notice, a meeting of the Democratic party of Columbus county was held at the Court-House in Whiteville, on the 9th inst.

On motion of JOHN C. POWELL, Esq., RICHARD WOOTEN, Esq., was called to the Chair, and N. L. WILLIAMSON and A. F. POWELL, Esq., were requested to act as Secretaries.

On motion, the Chair appointed a Committee of five to read resolutions for the action of the meeting.

The following gentlemen were appointed upon said Committee: F. George, D. F. Williamson, M. Powell, W. J. Stanley, and J. C. Powell.

After having retired for a short time, the Committee reported through their Chairman, F. George, Esq., the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It becomes especially necessary in times of great excitement and trial, as at present felt and exhibited throughout our land—when all the elements of political power seem to be thrown into confusion—when the safety of our Union and the harmony which should exist between its different sections, are threatened to resort to the fountain of power, to the great first principles upon which our government is based; and whereas, it has been the constant practice of the Democratic party, at all proper times and on all occasions, to publicly and openly avow, and freely and fully express its opinions, as regards the great public measures which shape and control the leading interests of our common country: be it therefore

1. Resolved, That we, a portion of the Democratic party of Columbus county, in public meeting assembled, cherishing as our fondest hope the Union of these sovereign States, and reverencing the constitution as the great cord which binds them together, have deemed, with deep regret and much indignation, since, when a latitudinarian construction is allowed, the Northern portion of our confederacy wilfully disregard and nullify that clause in the constitution which relates to the delivering up of fugitive slaves, and the many wrongs and insults which it has from time to time been perpetrating against the South and her institutions.

2. Resolved, That our hopes are strong, and our confidence unshaken, in the great principles of States' Rights Democracy, believing all actions by the General Government tending to advance one section, or class, or interest, at the expense of another, to be undemocratic, unconstitutional, and unjust.

3. Resolved, That we believe in the strict letter of the constitution, since, when a latitudinarian construction is allowed, sectional interest and party prejudice will enter into its interpretation, by which it will be diverted from its true purpose and proper aims, and may be made the instrument of great wrong and oppression.

4. Resolved, That in order to get a full and general expression of the Democracy of the State, it is both expedient, proper, and in accordance with the usages of the party, to hold a Democratic State Convention, for the purpose of selecting and nominating a candidate for Governor.

5. Resolved, That we concur in holding the State Convention at the City of Raleigh, on the 15th day of May next, and while we are cheering and nominating a County candidate, and give to its nominee all our aid and support, we join with New Hanover and Cumberland in recommending to the Convention the name of Hon. JAMES C. DORRIS as our first choice.

6. Resolved, That the Chairman of this meeting be authorized to appoint fifteen delegates to represent the county of Columbus in said Convention.

In obedience to the sixth resolution, the Chairman appointed the following gentlemen as delegates to the Raleigh Convention:—F. George, J. C. Powell, N. L. Williamson, M. Powell, G. W. Godwin, A. F. Powell, W. J. Stanley, J. Mills, J. H. Gore, J. Cox, C. Hill, G. W. Hill, James Beach, C. Haynes, J. C. Pierce.

On motion, the Chairman was added to the delegation.

For the further action of this meeting, the following preamble and resolutions were respectfully submitted and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, There is a commoner to be elected from the county of Columbus, and a Senator to be chosen from the District of Bladen, Brunswick, and Currituck, to represent them in our next Legislature; and whereas, it is expedient, for the more perfect organization of the Democratic party, and the more effectually to ensure its success, to determine upon its candidates by Conventions: be it therefore

Resolved, That we, a portion of the Democratic citizens of Columbus county, in public meeting assembled, respectfully recommend that a County Convention be held at Whiteville, on Monday of May Court next, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of selecting and nominating a County candidate, and to recommend one for the District.

Be it further Resolved, That we have learned, with the deepest interest, of Hon. JOHN C. CALDWELL, the great mathematician and statesman of America, whose high moral worth and great superiority of talent, must command the admiration and win the love of all who place anything like a just estimate upon real true greatness.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the Wilmington Journal, and the Fayetteville North Carolinian be requested to copy.

On motion of Dr. FORDYCE, the meeting adjourned.

RICHARD WOOTEN, Ch'n.
A. F. POWELL, Sec'y.
N. L. WILLIAMSON, Sec'y.

Pay Your Debts.

1. If you wish to secure the reputation of being an honest man, pay your debts.
2. If you would avoid bringing disgrace upon the religious party you belong to, pay your debts.
3. If you are anxious to get a good article, and be charged the lowest price for your goods, never delay to pay your debts.
4. If you wish to obtain such credit as your business may require, be sure to pay your debts.
5. If you would remain on terms of friendship with those you trade with, pay your debts.
6. If you would avoid embarrassing others who are depending upon the settlement of your account, pay your debts.
7. If you wish to prevent mistake and litigation, keep your accounts well adjusted, pay your debts.
8. If you wish to aid in the circulation of money, never let cash remain by you, but pay your debts.
9. If you would do to others as you wish them to do to you, you ought to pay your debts.
10. If you wish to stand clear of the charge of lying and making false excuses, pay your debts.
11. If you desire to pursue your business with peace of mind, pay your debts.
12. In the expectation of death, you would like to have your affairs in a satisfactory condition, pay your debts.
13. If you wish to do what is right in the sight of God and man, you must pay your debts.
14. Should you read the benefits of the act, if you have the means, you are not a just man unless you pay your debts.

To enable you to pay, adopt the following advice: Let your food, living and equipage be plain and modest; avoid expensive clothing; abstain from wine and all intoxicating liquor; and never keep it in your house; do not sink your capital by purchasing plate or splendid furniture; have as few parties as possible; be careful as to speculations, and never extend your trade beyond your means; never acquire to be shareholders in banks, railways, etc.; have as few men about you as is convenient, and none of a suspicious character; be determined to refuse all offers of partnership; be careful as to lending money or being bound with others; avoid all law-suits; keep your books posted, and look well to the accounts of your customers; bring up your family to economy and industry. If you will observe these things, you will always be able, with good fortune, to pay your debts.

Have you read the above? Don't fail. The non-payment of contracts is the curse of the land—the ruin of the Church.

From the Dollar Newspaper.

The Widow's Dream.

By E. H. POWELL.

It was midnight. Within a chamber the dim ray of a lamp disclosed a melancholy scene. On a bed lay the cold and insensible form of a child. Upon its brow death had stamped his signet, yet no fearful lines were traced in the fatal seal. The features were calm and beautiful; for, although the king of terrors bleached the cheek, he did not rob the lips of their sweet smile; that played round them, ere the vital essence waned, and rested on them though the soul had fled.

It was a lovely child in life: it was a beautiful mould in death.

The mother of the departed soul lay moaning by its clay. "Oh! my child! my child!" she bitterly exclaimed, "that I should have lived to suffer such a loss! O! that thy life had been spared, or thou hadst never been born! My pride and my joy—dead! dead!" As she uttered the last words she started, and with a wild fondness hung over her babe, crying in piteous accents: "It cannot be! Death could not pluck so fair a flower!" But, alas! as she kissed the icy lip of the dead, a chill struck her heart that conveyed a stronger meaning than words can express.

That set broke the delusion which she had so anxiously endeavored to court, and she fell across the corpse, with a heart crushed beneath its burden of woe. She lamented the severe fate that deprived her of her most precious treasure, and in her agony conjured pictures of brightness and bliss which she anticipated were awaiting the maturity of her child, to crown him with distinction and happiness. O, what a contrast!

Never did a mother love her offspring more fondly, nor grieve deeper for the loss of which than she. In her affliction she raised no thought nor hope on high: her whole mind had worshipped but on earth, and all her thoughts and hopes lay withering with the dead. Her soul was dark, for God was not there.

From the combined effects of unceasing attention and toil, during the illness of the deceased boy, and the unvarying excitement of grief, nature was at length fatigued beyond further endurance, and the mother slept by the side of her departed boy. But her slumbers seemed to partake of the character of those of a waking dream, for she was restless; and anon started in her sleep, as if frightened by some horrid visions. She dreamt.

It was a charming day. Her child, a playful boy, had reached his tenth year, and his companions had come to greet him on his birthday.

Ten years old! She thought time had passed very rapidly through those ten years, as her mind reverted to the day on which she gave being to her "darling babe—her cherub boy!" Yet it was so; he was ten years old that day!

How her heart beat with a mother's pride! The children gambled through the house, over the little garden, and then into the road. A coach, drawn by a spirited team, came whirling along—the children were romping in innocent glee; they ran to get out of the coach, but the boy, who was being to stumble, fell beneath its wheels. He was lifted up for dead, and conveyed to his home. It was a sad sight to see her child, who a moment previous was so healthy and gay, now so crushed and gory.

At first, she would not be comforted, but a surgeon came, and gave hope that the child would recover. He was so young, and then all a mother's tenderness was devoted to the sufferer: with what fondness she hung over his little bed, and how anxiously she strove to anticipate his wants! At length, he showed symptoms for the better; and then the danger passed. He did not die—but alas! he was crippled for life. Such was the sad fate of her idolized boy.

She stood beneath the star-lit heaven. The cool zephyrs fanned her cheek. She held the hand of her child. His sightless eyes were turned, as if inquiringly toward her face, as she endeavored to describe to him the beauties of the night. Ah! how her mother's heart wept for her son's affliction! "Blind! never to view the beautiful world! never to gaze into the starry firmament, and look upon her face—his mother's face!" Hot tears fell fast and thick upon the hand she held, and the poor blind boy wept in agony as he felt their scalding. He knew why those waters flowed. O affliction! O misery profound!

Again a change came o'er her dream. Her son had chosen the vocation of a sailor, and was about to start on his voyage, accompanied by his shipwrecked father. His ship was under full sail, and cut through the waves with a spanking breeze. O, what a mighty scene the ocean!

As far as the eye could reach, wave upon wave rolled over and over each other. Nothing beneath but the unfathomable deep and a few frail timbers; nothing around but the tossing sea and an angry sky. On, on they flew before the breeze. Soon a small cloud hung far away in the horizon, and then the breeze which had sent them so gaily on their course grew stronger and stronger, until it waxed to a giant wind. The tiny cloud spread fast and faster, till it blotted out the sky. Then the wind howled with a deafening voice, and the sea rose beneath the blast, till her waves swept through the water. So furiously did the wind rush over the ocean that its swell was beaten down: scarce a ripple was on its surface, and this fact added terror. An apparently tranquil sea and an awful tempest raging—what a contrast! It was impossible longer to carry what sail had been left standing, for the purpose of sailing to keep the ship to the wind, the sails were given for every stitch of canvas to be "clewed up," and among those who sprang to obey it was her son. How the seamen labored and clung to the shrouds, in their endeavor to "go aloft!" The wind blew so tremendously that they could barely keep from being blown from the rigging. They toiled upward however, but ere they reached the top, they were seized by the wind, and split into ribbons, with a report like the bursting of artillery, and blown from the spars.

And now, "under bare poles," their vessel was driven with a velocity truly fearful. What a line of boiling foam she left in her wake! and how her timbers cracked and groaned beneath the tempest's pressure! He was so impossible to stand on the deck, aided by a hold upon something. The sailors were lashing themselves to all parts of the ship. Those below had succeeded in making themselves secure, when a still more violent storm of wind swept over them, which was instantly followed by an awful crash; the foremost snapped as though it had been a reed, and fell into the sea, and the ship rolled over on her side. A shriek of horror came from the mother. Her son—her only child!—was struggling in the eddy at the vessel's stern. She heard his cries for aid above the roar of the tempest, and saw him whirl and whirl and whirl amid the foam, until her head grew dizzy, and her brain reeled. She could see no more, and sunk insensible upon the deck.

Again her dream changed: It was a bright day in spring. Her child had grown to manhood, and was parting from his old home to reside in a commercial mart.

She blessed him and kissed him as she again and again pressed him to her bosom. O, how she loved him! He was so impossible to stand on the deck, aided by a hold upon something. The sailors were lashing themselves to all parts of the ship. Those below had succeeded in making themselves secure, when a still more violent storm of wind swept over them, which was instantly followed by an awful crash; the foremost snapped as though it had been a reed, and fell into the sea, and the ship rolled over on her side. A shriek of horror came from the mother. Her son—her only child!—was struggling in the eddy at the vessel's stern. She heard his cries for aid above the roar of the tempest, and saw him whirl and whirl and whirl amid the foam, until her head grew dizzy, and her brain reeled. She could see no more, and sunk insensible upon the deck.

Time rolled on. Her child had strayed from the paths of rectitude, and vice and its votaries were his companions.

Now it was a dark day in autumn. The rain came down in torrents. The mother walked the streets of a large city, and despite the drenching wet, wept in a certain direction; she was caught in the throng and hurried away with them. She did not know what purpose had impelled her to that place, yet she kept with the crowd. Some mysterious impulses seemed to govern her. At length they came to an open square, in the centre of which a gallows was erected.

"Gallows!" she involuntarily exclaimed.

"Yes," answered a bystander, "he is to be hung to-day."

At that moment a laugh ran through the mass of human beings who were congregated to witness a fellow creature suffer, and every one stood on tip-toe of expectation.

Three men were ascending, one scaffold, their backs were turned toward her, but she could not be mistaken in the form of the culprit. They reached the platform and turned around.

The hangman adjusted the noose round the murderer's neck, and the next instant the guilty wretch was launched into the presence of his God.

"She uttered a piercing cry and fell. It was her son!"

"Had she but dreamed? or did she then dream?"

The apartment was the same, except that the dim tapers shed a fainter light.

There lay before the dead child.

She sprang to her feet—"Yes, she was awake, and had only dreamed!"

She stood a few moments as one suddenly bereft of sense, then hurriedly falling on her knees, her lips moved in prayer. The lustre of a new hope shone upon her soul, and the darkness which so long enveloped her mind fled therefrom, as flees the night before the approaching dawn. She felt the moral which her vision had revealed, and cast her troubled spirit at the foot of the cross.

"Come," she said, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." These words reverberated to her mind, and although she still felt emotions of deep grief, as her eye tearfully rested on the form of her departed boy, she exclaimed in her Redeemer's words, "Not my will, but thine be done."

From the Boston Post.

A Situation.

There must always be a first time to everything under the blessed sun. I have often thought of the heart-beatings attendant upon the first appearance of the actor, the clergyman, and the barrister. But, compared with these, the experience of an amateur about to step on the stage is "nothing to the show."

The winter I was fifteen, and full of blue veins, I made a visit to a country town. One day the good lady of the house where I sojourned took a notion of visiting her parents at a neighboring village, and invited me to go with her to drive. 'Twas excellent sleighing, and being a pretty good fellow, I put her over the road in good style and time. There was a buxom, bouncing lassie where we stopped—a relative of the lady that came with me—who by her invitation agreed to return with us. I brought the team up to the door in good shape, waited upon the ladies into the "cutter," then jumped in myself—and standing in the middle of the sleigh, gave a flourish with the whip. We were off in a twinkling, at nearly 2.40 speed; didn't I feel grand!

"Why don't you sit down?" exclaimed the good woman to me, after we had got well under way—"Twas the last thing I thought of. Sit down, forsooth!—and where? I thought I—I had rather stand," replied I, modestly. "But you had better sit," urged the good woman, "for you are going to be a barrister, and still declined. I heard a whispering something about being a barrister, but I still drove on. I was just getting my natural color again, and was feeling pretty comfortable, when of a sudden I felt the arms of the damsel encircling my waist, and in a moment I was plunged into her lap. "There," exclaimed the mischievous witch, "sit here upon my knees—I won't hurt you."

Every drop of blood within me, methought, then rushed into my face; I would have given the world to be free—but 'twas to no avail—the maiden had me fast—"That desperate grasp my frame might feel, through bars of brass and triple steel."

The veins of my face were now swelled "almost to bursting"—never did martyr suffer more intensely. The spirited horse needed not the "brail"—but he got it—I reckon. On, on we flew, with "telegraphic speed"—the sparks of fire "few in showers thick and fast from the wheels." "Cut!" we shouted, and we occasionally slid over a piece of bare ground, as we occasionally muttered I mentally, as I gave the "critter" the last "lick," and in a few moments we were at our journey's end—and I was out of my misery. Cymon. P. S. I'm not taken that way—now!

Couldn't Cure Him.

Eel tea, and all other cures for drunkenness that human science ever devised, were tried in vain on Philander Nichols, the Last maker. Mrs. Nichols has used some desperate remedies, such as steeping her charge in cold water, and in the case of the Philander's grog, but he continued to drink with undiminished relish, and the consequences of this dosing system were more troublesome to Mrs. Nichols herself than they were to Philander, her husband. Being dead drunk every afternoon, within half an hour after he began his day's jollification, (so rapidly did he pour down the liquor) he never felt the slightest discomfort, and in the morning he would get up, and Philander, waking up about eleven o'clock at night, found himself lying on a pine bench in a dim and strange apartment. Raising himself on one elbow, he looked around until his eyes rested on a man seated by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" said Philander.

"In the medical college," answered the seagor smoker.

"What a doing there?"

"Going to be cut up."

"How comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we brought your body to make a natomy."

"It's a lie; I'm not dead."

"No, no," said the doctor, "your carcass from your wife who had a right to sell you, for it's all the good she could ever make of you. If you're not dead, that's not the fault of the doctors; and they'll cut you up, dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"Ay, to be sure we will; now, directly," was the resolute answer.

"Well, now, you let us have a little something to drink before you begin?"

This last speech satisfied the watchman that Philander was a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent on his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result: so, with no gentle handling he tumbled the inebriate into the bath of the watch house—Pennsylvania.

What sort of a carriage best becomes a rejected suitor? A bashful man would say a "carriage" that takes him as fast as possible out of the country. But there is room for a different opinion.

We only beg leave to advise against anything desperate. "Hanging," said the elder Weller, "is vulgar," and as to drowning, "drown cats and blind puppies." Don't ever drown yourself—in tears. It's a waste of water. The following instructions to unhappy swains, the victims of misplaced affection, strike the favorably.

When a girl says, "I assume a philosophical air, and tell her you are glad of it; you only made the proposal to win two bottles of champagne and an oyster supper you had bet with a friend, who had thought you had not spunk enough to talk of matrimony to a ternaगत. Them's um."

MISERY IN NEW YORK.—The New York Sun states that six boys, in a state of great destitution, were found huddled together in an ice box, on Tuesday night, 19th ultimo, and were taken to the station house, where they were suitably provided for.

They stated that their parents were dead, and that they had no home, nor any means of providing food or shelter. The eldest was not more than twelve years old. This is but one out of the many cases of misery and destitution which exists in that great city, with all its benevolent and charitable institutions.

AN OLD CURE FOR AGUE.—In the tenth volume of the Massachusetts Historical Collection is a recipe for the cure of Ague, sent by Sir K. Digby to John Winthrop, in 1654, it will amuse our readers. He says:

"For all sorts agues I have of late tried the following magnetical experiment with infallible success. Pare the patient's nails when the fit is coming on; put the parings into a little bag of fine linen of shirazet, and tie that about a live eel's neck, in a tubbe of water. The eel will dye, and the patient will recover."

SHAVING THE QUEEN!—Before the restoration of Charles II. no woman was allowed to appear upon the English stage, and the female parts were played by young men dressed as women. On account of the banishment of the fair sex from the boards, the most ridiculous scenes frequently occurred. One day the King having entered the Theatre a little earlier than he usually did, and being impatient of the delay in raising the curtain, sent one of his attendants to learn the cause of the slowness of the players in appearing. The manager, knowing that the best excuse he could give the merry monarch would be to tell him the truth, went to the royal box, and said:

"Sir, the Queen has not been shaved yet," which was literally the truth, for the young man who was to play the part of the Queen was then in the hands of the barber.

Washington Irving relates that Abdallah, the father of Mahomet, the Prophet, was so beautiful, that no less than two hundred Arab maidens died of a broken heart the night he was married to Amina.

From the N. O. True Delta.

The Flower and the Nightlight.

By E. H. POWELL.

From its home on high, to a gentle flower, That bloomed in a lonely grove, The starlight came at the twilight hour, And whispered a tale of love.

Then the blossom's heart so still and cold, Grew warm to its silent core, And gave out perfume from its inmost fold, It never exhaled before.

And the blossom slept through the summer night, In the smile of the angel ray, And the moon arose with its garish light, And the soft one stole away.

Then the spray wove as he wandered by Where the gentle flower grew, But she gave no heed to his plaintive sigh; Her heart to his love was true.

And the sunbeam came, with a lover's art, To caress the flower in vain, To shroud her sweets in her thrilling heart, 'Till the starlight came again.

Old Saw New-Set.

By JENKINS OF THE BOSTON POST.

THE ASS THAT CARRIES THE DRINKS WATER.—So says proverb. The reason why the animal prefers water to wine is undoubtedly because he is an ass. It's just like him. We prefer wine provided it is wine, which, by the by, is usually so much a matter of doubt that he who drinks it knows little more of its quality than the ass who carries it.

THE CURE OF LUXURY IS POVERTY. It is, indeed! This is very much like saying that the cure of plethoria is death. Most people would prefer the disease to the remedy. Perhaps, however, the proverb means to say that luxury leads to poverty. If so, we are rejoiced to hear it, for being in "poverty," we shall see a little "luxury" when it comes along!

THE VOICE OF WISDOM AND AGE.—In my apprehension, the best way to be useful and happy in this life is to cultivate domestic affections—to love home, and at the same time to be temperate and just; to pursue lawful business, whatever it may be, with diligence, firmness, and integrity of purpose, and in the perfect belief that honesty is equally binding in the discharge of public as of private trusts; for, when public morals are destroyed, public liberty cannot survive.

We are, we are, we ought to lose our discretion. We ought to listen to the maxims of experience, and respect the advice and institutions of our ancestors, and, above all, we ought to have a constant abiding sense of the superintending goodness of that Almighty Being, whose wisdom shines equally in his works and in his word, and who is the source of every virtue, sustaining and governing the universe.—Kent.

THAWING OUT A FORTUNE.—A Dutch washerwoman in West Uta cut a large piece of ice from the canal the other day, and took it home to melt into water for use. As she watched its gradual transformation from a solid to a fluid form, she was startled to find portions of paper resembling bank bills beginning to develop themselves; and when the thawing was finished, she picked from the water three hundred dollars in gold and silver, and a few \$5. Here was a stroke of luck rather ahead of California, with no stockholders in the background to claim a share in the profits; \$1,015 was pay for washing 2,030 dozen of pieces, without the work. But even as the ice had thawed into water, so did the fortune fished from the water, vanish into air, for the bills proved to be counterfeit.—Uta Gazette.

John James Audubon, the great American Naturalist, has entirely lost his sight.

New York & Philadelphia Advertisements.

FRENCH'S HOTEL.
Corner Frankfort Street and City Hall Square, Opposite the City Hall and Park Fountain, New York.
WAS built and opened by the subscriber, May 1, 1849, who trusts that for convenience, elegance, and comfort, it will be found to be one of the most desirable places of resort. It contains more rooms than any other Hotel on this continent, save one only, all of which are warmed gratis. They are supplied with gas, water, and washbasins, and are supplied with *Orleans Water*, through silver plated pipes. There is but one bed in a room; the Halls and water closets on every floor will be kept with gas during the night. There is a Billiard Room, a Reading Room, a Billiard Room, a Billiard Room, and the principal places of amusement. There is a Barber's Shop, and an extensive range of Bath Rooms connected therewith. The Hotel will be conducted on the European plan of lodging rooms, and meals as they may be ordered in the spacious and splendid Refectory. Porters will be during the night to admit lodgers, and also to call them at any time they may desire; and in no case will servants be permitted to exact or receive gratuities. For sale, who, sole, or retail, R. F. FRENCH, 30-3m
New York, April 25, 1850

WHOLESALE TIN WARE MANUFACTORY.
THIS subscriber invites the attention of Country Merchants to their extensive assortment of Superior Tin and Japaned Ware. Keeping constantly on hand the LARGEST ASSORTMENT in the State, and at LOWER RATES than ever offered before, they only ask a call to satisfy buyers of the superior advantages they offer. Sign of the *Large Coffee Pot*.
No. 291 Market Street, above Seventh, Philadelphia. February 1, 1850 21-3m

WILMINGTON CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
WE have on hand superior Taper Candles, manufactured in this place, by H. C. C. ROADES, which we will sell at the lowest price. The Hotel will be conducted on the European plan of lodging rooms, and meals as they may be ordered in the spacious and splendid Refectory. Porters will be during the night to admit lodgers, and also to call them at any time they may desire; and in no case will servants be permitted to exact or receive gratuities. For sale, who, sole, or retail, R. F. FRENCH, 30-3m
New York, April 25, 1850

CREW LIST.—A large supply on hand and for sale low at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

NOW OPEN. A great variety of Children's Spring and Summer Hats, to which the attention of those wishing to purchase is respectfully solicited.
March 29
C. MYERS, Hatter.

MONEY WANTED. I once more notify persons indebted to me, that if payment is not immediately made, I will place in the hands of an Attorney, all debts due me without respect to persons, with positive instructions to collect them as soon as possible.
OWEN HOLMES.

LOOK HERE! The subscriber has opened a large stock of FINE GOODS and GROCERIES, at HALL & ARMSTRONG'S old stand, on Water-street, which he will sell low for cash. He will also act as Agent for the sale of all kinds of country produce. For sale by MILES COSTIN, 14-1m
December 14, 1849

FARMING IMPLEMENTS. Just received—
30 No. 10 Ploughs; 20 No. 14 Ploughs; 20 No. 16 Ploughs; 20 No. 18 Ploughs; 20 No. 20 Ploughs; 20 No. 22 Ploughs; 20 No. 24 Ploughs; 20 No. 26 Ploughs; 20 No. 28 Ploughs; 20 No. 30 Ploughs; 20 No. 32 Ploughs; 20 No. 34 Ploughs; 20 No. 36 Ploughs; 20 No. 38 Ploughs; 20 No. 40 Ploughs; 20 No. 42 Ploughs; 20 No. 44 Ploughs; 20 No. 46 Ploughs; 20 No. 48 Ploughs; 20 No. 50 Ploughs; 20 No. 52 Ploughs; 20 No. 54 Ploughs; 20 No. 56 Ploughs; 20 No. 58 Ploughs; 20 No. 60 Ploughs; 20 No. 62 Ploughs; 20 No. 64 Ploughs; 20 No. 66 Ploughs; 20 No. 68 Ploughs; 20 No. 70 Ploughs; 20 No. 72 Ploughs; 20 No. 74 Ploughs; 20 No. 76 Ploughs; 20 No. 78 Ploughs; 20 No. 80 Ploughs; 20 No. 82 Ploughs; 20 No. 84 Ploughs; 20 No. 86 Ploughs; 20 No. 88 Ploughs; 20 No. 90 Ploughs; 20 No. 92 Ploughs; 20 No. 94 Ploughs; 20 No. 96 Ploughs; 20 No. 98 Ploughs; 20 No. 100 Ploughs; 20 No. 102 Ploughs; 20 No. 104 Ploughs; 20 No. 106 Ploughs; 20 No. 108 Ploughs; 20 No. 110 Ploughs; 20 No. 112 Ploughs; 20 No. 114 Ploughs; 20 No. 116 Ploughs; 20 No. 118 Ploughs; 20 No. 120 Ploughs; 20 No. 122 Ploughs; 20 No. 124 Ploughs; 20 No. 126 Ploughs; 20 No. 128 Ploughs; 20 No. 130 Ploughs; 20 No. 132 Ploughs; 20 No. 134 Ploughs; 20 No. 136 Ploughs; 20 No. 138 Ploughs; 20 No. 140 Ploughs; 20 No. 142 Ploughs; 20 No. 144 Ploughs; 20 No. 146 Ploughs; 20 No. 148 Ploughs; 20 No. 150 Ploughs; 20 No. 152 Ploughs; 20 No. 154 Ploughs; 20 No. 156 Ploughs; 20 No. 158 Ploughs; 20 No. 160 Ploughs; 20 No. 162 Ploughs; 20 No. 164 Ploughs; 20 No. 166 Ploughs; 20 No. 168 Ploughs; 20 No. 170 Ploughs; 20 No. 172 Ploughs; 20 No. 174 Ploughs; 20 No. 176 Ploughs; 20 No. 178 Ploughs; 20 No. 180 Ploughs; 20 No. 182 Ploughs; 20 No. 184 Ploughs; 20 No. 186 Ploughs; 20 No. 188 Ploughs; 20 No. 190 Ploughs; 20 No. 192 Ploughs; 20 No. 194 Ploughs; 20 No. 196 Ploughs; 20 No. 198 Ploughs; 20 No. 200 Ploughs; 20 No. 202 Ploughs; 20 No. 204 Ploughs; 20 No. 206 Ploughs; 20 No. 208 Ploughs; 20 No. 210 Ploughs; 20 No. 212 Ploughs; 20 No. 214 Ploughs; 20 No. 216 Ploughs; 20 No. 218 Ploughs; 20 No. 220 Ploughs; 20 No. 222 Ploughs; 20 No. 224 Ploughs; 20 No. 226 Ploughs; 20 No. 228 Ploughs; 20 No. 230 Ploughs; 20 No. 232 Ploughs; 20 No. 234 Ploughs; 20 No. 236 Ploughs; 20 No. 238 Ploughs; 20 No. 240 Ploughs; 20 No. 242 Ploughs; 20 No. 244 Ploughs; 20 No. 246 Ploughs; 20 No. 248 Ploughs; 20 No. 250 Ploughs; 20 No. 2